





UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS  
LIBRARY

---

ARCHIVES

---

Had v.1, no. 1-2

v.2, no. 3

v.3, no. 2

v.4, no. 1

v.5, no. 2-3

v.6 - 72, no. 1-32

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/yahoo1119univ>









YAKHOO



Winter Carnival

Vol. 1 No. 1

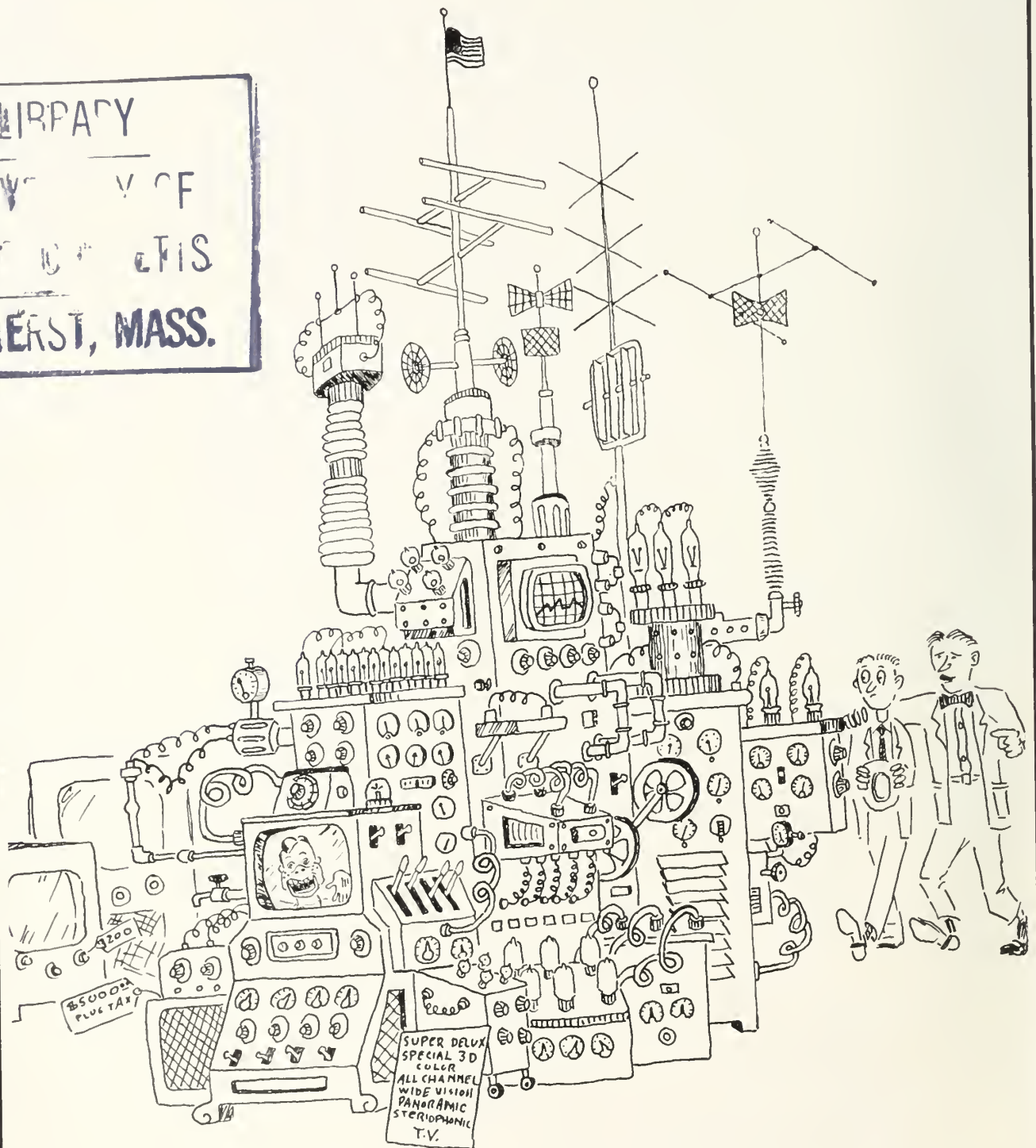
25 cents

# CENTRAL ELECTRONICS

TELEVISION  
PHONOGRAPHS

RADIOS  
HI-FI SETS

AIRPORT  
UNIVERSITY OF  
MASSACHUSETTS  
AMHERST, MASS.





# In A Smoke Filled Room

(The scene takes place in a smoke filled room in the back of the administration building of a small New England college known affectionately as the University of Vegehagen.

As the curtain opens we find HOLLOW CURTSEY, Keeper of the Curfew, seated at Down Right. She is dressed in a halter and grey flannel kilts, and is calmly paring her toe-nails. At Up Left, standing on his head against the door, is R. HARPY, another administrative assistant. He is natively attired in a "Property Of" polo shirt and Bermuda shorts. CURTSEY speaks:)

CURTSEY Must you always practice your Yoga exercises in here? You know it affects your lower intestine.

HARPY It's relaxing and soothing, just like Pepto Abysmal. At any rate, it's much less expensive than that stuff you always smoke to keep cool.

CURTSEY (A little hurt) It's good stuff! I grow it myself in one of the green houses. It's just that I was getting sick and tired of punching my arm full of holes. And you know what the price of needles is these days.

HARPY (In a reflexive mood) Oh, you're so right. I use a safety pin and an eye-dropper myself.

CURTSEY A safety pin indeed! I never heard of anything so unlady

like.

HARPY Hah! Let's cut out the act, my little Dnasturtium of the Dneiper.

CURTSEY (Completely shook) Who? HARPY Who, indeed?

CURTSEY (Puzzled) What did you say?

HARPY I said, "my little Dnasturtium of the Dneiper," dnamely you.

CURTSEY That's nice.

HARPY Dnamn, but it's dull! I think



I shall shift into Part III of my Yoga exercises and contemplate my navel.

(Thirty seconds pass, during which time HARPY concentrates on his contemplation and CURTSEY continues to pare her toe-nails. HARPY speaks:)

HARPY Are you an inny or an outy?

CURTSEY (Blushing) Well . . . I'm not sure. I guess both.

HARPY Both?

CURTSEY (Shyly) I was supposed to

by NORMAN ROTHSTEIN

be twins, you see, but things didn't work out quite as planned. So I became a schizoid instead.

HARPY (Charmed by her tale) Why that's lovely, my Llama of the Llaurentians.

CURTSEY Must you? Now, if you don't mind, I'd like to finish writing my new book.

HARPY Not another one! What is it this time, a sequel to the *Quarterly*?

CURTSEY Don't be flip, Flip. It's called *A Hollow Defense of Modesty*. It will cover all subjects from sunbathing to college literary magazines. It will be charming, simply charming.

HARPY (Yawning) So what else is new?

(At this point, the door opens suddenly, flinging HARPY across the room to a dusty corner, where he lies sprawled out on the floor. INGVAAR ZILCH enters hesitantly and reconnoiters around the room.)

HARPY And who, pray tell, are you?

INGVAAR I, Sire, am INGVAAR (THE INVINCIBLE) ZILCH, a student committed to this institution.

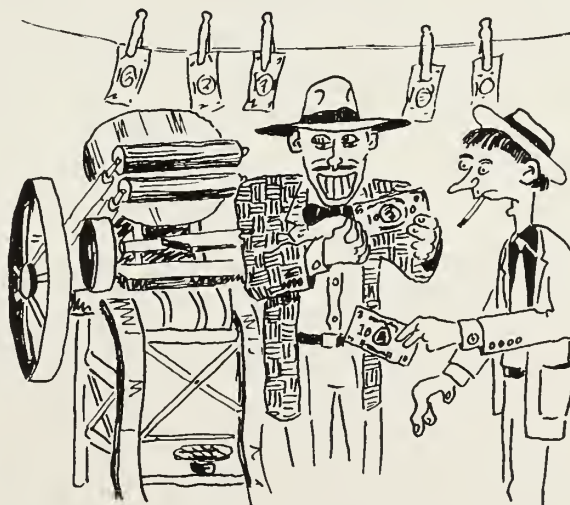
CURTSEY (Cooing with delight) A student! Oh joy! Oh rapture unfor-

seen! Man all battle stations! Furl the mizzen mast! Flib the jib! Cry havoc!

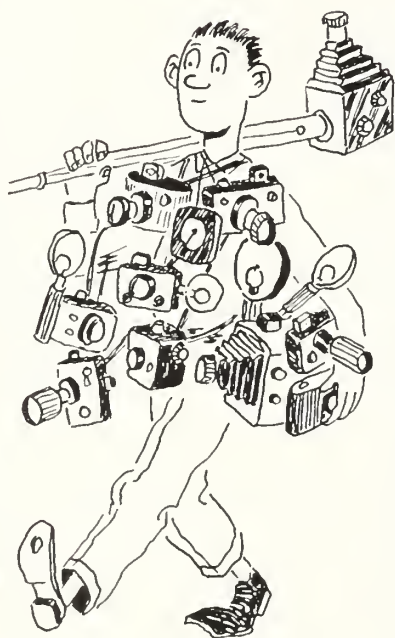
HARPY That will do, Djarling. They already gave that part away, and

(continued on page 23)

**HAMILTON**  
**I. NEWELL, INC.**  
**COMPLETE**  
**PRINTING**  
**SERVICE**



# WELLWORTH PHARMACY INC.



Complete  
Photo  
Supplies



## THE MAIL



To the Editor:

I think *Ya-Hoo* is the most entertaining and intellectually challenging publication in its field. I think all intelligent people should read it. I plan to collect them all. I also collect dead bodies and Type "O" blood.

Affectionately,  
Vampira

\* \* \* \*

To the Editor:

Thanks for the big beer party you threw for the whole *Ya-Hoo* staff. It was a fine gesture on your part to use the subscription funds to pay for refreshments. We just hope the subscribers don't mind about the second issue. Thanks again.

Hung over,  
The *Ya-Hoo* staff

\* \* \* \*

To the Editor:

As we will have no further use for it, we would like to present as a gift to *Ya-Hoo* our well-thumbed edition of Lane's *Anthology of Four-Letter Words*. We hope you have better luck with it.

Your pen pals,  
*The Quarterly*

\* \* \* \*

To The Editor:

After reading your magazine carefully, I find that it must be added to the subversive list and burned accordingly. Not only is it humorous, but it shows definite "liberal" tendencies.

Point of order,  
Joe McCarthy

\* \* \* \*

To the Editor:

If you persist in distributing your publication at the University of Massachusetts you will be liable to court action.

More truth than fiction.  
Massachusetts S.P.C.A.

\* \* \* \*

To the Editor:

Your magazine is not fit for human consumption, but I eat it anyway.

Barfingly,  
Garbage-mouth Glitz

\* \* \* \*

To the Editor:

I have been dating a member of Sigma Epsilon Xi for three weeks now, and he hasn't offered me his pin. What can I do?

Frustrated Frosh,  
(Name Withheld)

\* \* \* \*

To the Editor:

Please accept this check as payment for one year's subscription to *Ya-Hoo*. I'm sure I will enjoy reading it.

Rudolph Gasser,  
Northampton State Hospital

\* \* \* \*

To the Editor:

I am thirteen years old, 4' 8 1/2" tall, 346 pounds, and never been kissed. Why don't the boys like me?

Frustrated Senior,  
Sara Farshimmelled

\* \* \* \*

To the Editor:

You guys are all under arrest until you can prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that you were innocent.

He is a cop he ain't a cop,  
Red Blasko

The Tom Smith photo on the opposite page registers the winning smile of Alice "Terry" Taupier, selected by the judges as Winter Carnival Queen of 1955.

Alice, nominated by her sorority sisters at Chi Omega, is a junior from the near-by city of Holyoke. Among her many campus activities, the sparkling co-ed lists Pan-Hellenic Council, Drill Team, Women's Athletic Association, and Winter Carnival Committee as her most important.

She will reign over the weekend of Winter Carnival events, and will be presented at the Saturday night Ball.





# AMHERST — THEATRE —



**Where Hits  
Are A  
Habit**

## Editor's Note

It is a thrilling experience to create something new. And in publishing the first edition of *Ya-Hoo* we feel that we have done just that—created something new, something lasting, and something of value to the growth of the University. At the risk of sounding sickeningly sentimental, we are proud of our magazine. We believe it has made an auspicious beginning and we are confident it will improve as we gain in experience.

To be technically honest, *Ya-Hoo* is not the first humor magazine in the history of the University. Bill Doran, '15, after noticing a poster publicizing *Ya-Hoo*, wrote an article in the *Massachusetts Alumnus* in which he reminisced about a humor magazine of earlier days:

"From the poster I learned that some of the students are about to launch a magazine of humor. I made immediate arrangements to subscribe and alerted my classmate Robert E. Patterson in New York City. He has been for years with D. C. Heath & Co., publishers, and, as will appear, was a publisher himself in his youth. Mr. Patterson replied promptly and as follows:

"Dear Bill: In 1913, when we were juniors, Sid Masse and I ventured into the field of humorous college journalism. We so continued until graduation when we turned "The Squib" over to a group of sophomores.

"We later learned from friendly profs that some members of the faculty were apprehensive. They feared that we might attack some of them if only by innuendo. Such an idea was farthest from our thoughts. We had agreed that we would keep the paper clean and aboveboard.

"A humorous publication has a place on any campus. It can help, especially along the line of morale and spirit. But it must avoid the bawdy and smart-aleck."

It has been forty-two years since the initial publication of "The Squib", but *Ya-Hoo* still pays tribute to its traditional editorial policy. We do not believe that a collegiate humor magazine need be smutty to be enjoyable, and have aimed rather at a different level of light reading (although the Puritan Witch-hunters will manage to find something objectionable here, as they do in nearly everything else they read). College humor magazines have had an amazingly high mortality rate. We will fight to keep ours alive.

Our aim is to satirize college life in general and to expose the humorous institutions of the University in particular. Occasionally we may take pot-shots at faculty, students, or administration; but the spirit in which we shoot is friendly and good-natured, not malicious.

Above all, our goal is to provide our subscribers with a half-hour of light reading matter far removed from the cloisters of academia. You will find nothing of existentialism, transcendentalism, or nihilism in *Ya-Hoo*; only insanity, inanity, and humanity.

B.L.B

YA-HOO



# Massachusetts

# YA-HOO



VOL. 1

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Barry Bunshoft, '55

NO. 1

## EDITORIAL BOARD

ASSISTANT EDITOR  
Norman Rothstein, '56

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Richard Bolt, '56  
Jordan Chatis, '56

Pat McMahon, '56  
Joe Morrissey, '56

ART EDITOR  
Don Adeletti, '55

ART ASSOCIATES  
David Duff, '57  
James Brainerd, '55  
Michael Ferber, '56

Betty Frisch, '56  
Don Reed, '55  
Phil Shepardson, '57

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR  
Tom Smith, '57

BUSINESS BOARD  
BUSINESS MANAGER  
David Ganz, '55

DISTRIBUTION MGR.  
George Simons, '57

OFFICE MGR.  
Ruth Kirk, '57

PUBLICITY MGR.  
Louis Neusner, '56

SUBSCRIPTION MGRS.  
Ruth Hanrihan, '57  
Michael Corvin, '58

BUSINESS ASSOCIATES  
Sandra Litwack, '56  
Jay Posnick, '56  
Charlotte Rhiam, '56  
Anna May Robator, '56  
Elaine Siegel, '56

Lois Toko, '56  
Gerald Weinberg, '57  
Mervyn Weiner, '57  
Harvey Weitzman, '57  
Robert Welling, '58

## FACULTY ADVISORS

TECHNICAL ADVISOR  
Mr. Robert McCartney

BUSINESS ADVISOR  
Prof. Lawrence Dickinson

*Ya-Hoo* is the official undergraduate humor magazine of the University of Massachusetts, published two times in the academic year 1954-55 by students of the University of Massachusetts. Subscription price is 50 cents a year, 60 cents if mailed outside Amherst, Massachusetts. Subscriptions may be obtained by writing to *Ya-Hoo*, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts. Entered as third class matter at the Post Office in Amherst.



## *Men's Wear*

YOU CAN ALWAYS SAVE MONEY  
ON YOUR PERSONAL NEEDS AT



**WARREN'S MEN'S STORE**  
69 Main Street

## *A Shoe For Anybody Any Size*



AT  
**MATHEWS SHOE  
STORE**

*Short*

*or*

*Long*



Try  
**The "C" Store**  
**Barber Shop**

## *CLIFF ALLEN*



**Campus  
Clothes**



## Morgan Horses

Recently the *Collegian* reported that the proposed sale of twenty Morgan horses as part of an economy drive has met with considerable opposition from University officials and members of the public.

*Ya-Hoo* thought it was outrageous to think of selling twenty Morgans down and/or up the river, for after all who ever heard of a college campus existing without them? Morgans are an integral part of a college student's academic life, and as such must be retained if academic freedom is to be kept intact.

Morgans have had a rich intellectual tradition. There was a Morgan named Henry who served as a model of classic dramatic finesse. Then there was a Morgan named J.P. who crops up now and then in Economics 25. There was also a Morgan named Charlie at the University several years ago, but he flunked out.

On the other hand, what would anybody else want with twenty Morgan horses? Unless perhaps somebody who was seeking playmates for his own string of twenty Morgan horses.



## Campus Varieties

*Ya-Hoo* went to see Adelphia-Iso-gon's production of *Off Campus Varieties* last week and came away rather pleased (even though we did go there thinking the title was *Off Color Varieties*). We particularly enjoyed the finale, a parody on a song from *New Faces of 1952* called, "You

Can't Cut Your Classes Up At Massachusetts." This, however, raised an interesting question: can you?

We pondered over this problem for some time and came up with a few answers: 1) Why not? 2) Who doesn't? 3) If not, why not? 4) Who cares?

Noting cleverly that all our answers were questions, we decided that this would never, never, do. So we set off blithely in search of enlightenment, heading immediately to that Fountain of Knowledge, the Dean's office.

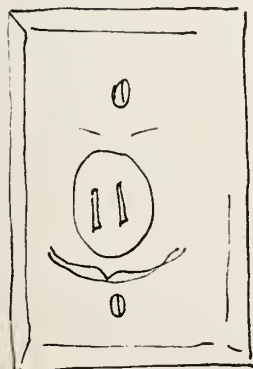
Mustering up all our courage, we gingerly approached the desk and said, "Please ma'm can you tell us if one can cut one's classes up at Massachusetts?"

"Do you", was the reply.

"Well . . . . ."

"So?", she answered and turned away.

From this *Ya-Hoo* can only conclude that the current University policy on cuts is, "So?"



WHEN THE LIGHTS GO  
ON AGAIN ALL OVER  
THE WORLD.

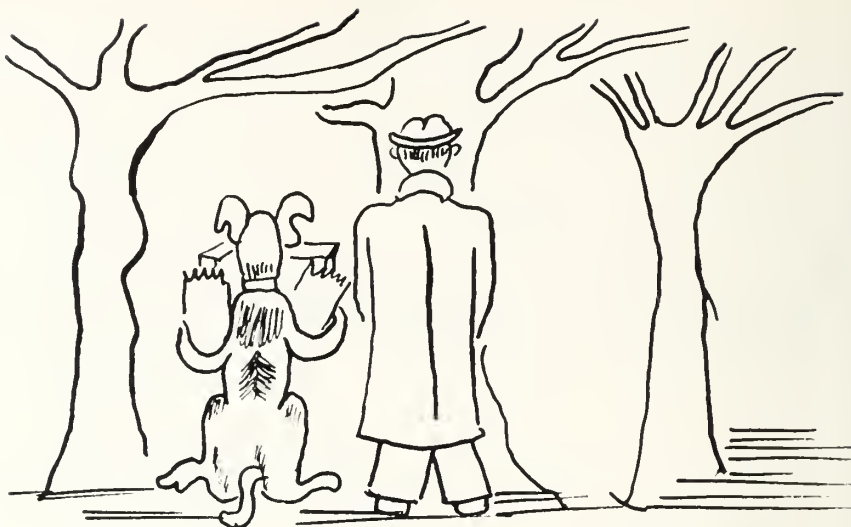


## Quarterly Problem

*Ya-Hoo* thought you might be interested in reading a few words in print about the affairs of the *Quarterly* since last spring.

From a *Collegian* editorial of spring, 1954: "After reading the spring edition of the *Quarterly* we reached three conclusions: 1) it was better than the winter edition; 2) it had more pages than the winter edition; 3) anything would have been an improvement on the winter edition . . . we can judge the *Quarterly* on two levels—what its criterion is and what its criterion ought to be. On both levels it falls far short of perfection . . . We do not believe that the magazine should be done away with . . . In line with the expansion program of the University, there is a real danger in constricting student publications . . . Probably the perfect solution to the problem is to add another publication—a humor magazine."

From an editorial in the autumn edition of the *Quarterly*: "Last spring an editorial writer for the *Collegian* argued that this magazine had a responsibility to please the great part of the campus. He also said that the ideal solution to the problem of literary quality against general appeal could best be handled by a humor Magazine . . . However, it should be more than obvious that the best in literature is always entertaining. We intend to print the best in campus lit-



*Man's best friend . . .*

erature, and we will be, therefore, entertaining [*Ya-Hoo* questions this reasoning.] . . . Now the humor magazine has been started, and whatever pressure there was [on the *Quarterly*] should theoretically be off. At least the pressure should be off in the eyes of the editorial writer . . . We must comment editorially that we hope the *Ya-Hoo* does not appear as an imitation of the MIT *Voo-Doo*."

From a recent *Collegian*: "By order of Dean of Men Robert S. Hopkins . . . the *Quarterly* is suspended from publication. No expenditure of funds from the *Quarterly* account will be made until further notice. The situation concerning the fall 1954 issue of the *Quarterly* is being referred to the Discipline Committee for recommendations."

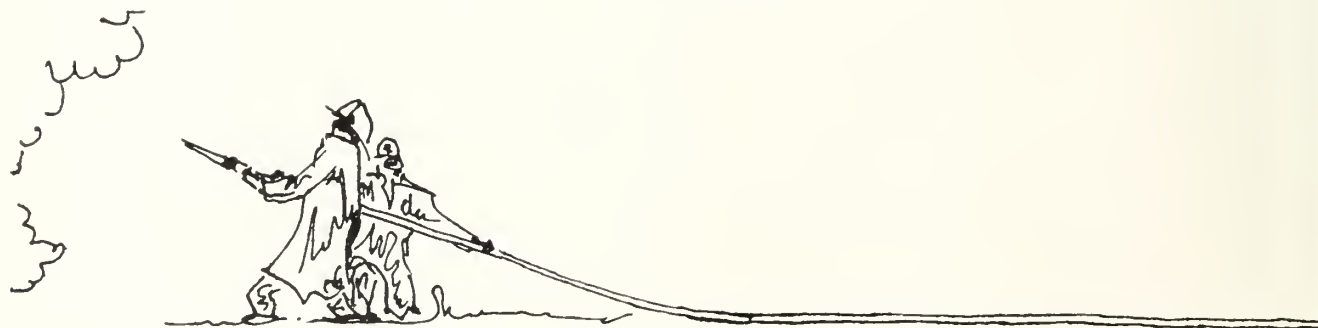
Apparently, the *Quarterly* has not yet solved its problem.

## Infirm Tales

While strolling around campus recently, we decided that it had been quite some time since we had last visited the infirmary (besides it was the eleventh time we had cut Military), and having nothing better to do, preceded there forthwith.

We entered, sat down, and picking up a well worn copy of *Grey's Anatomy* (Grey didn't seem to object), awaited developments. Several minutes later, a trio of rather decrepit looking individuals entered and dejectedly seated themselves. They sat around for the next few minutes, discussing the latest copy of the A.M.A. Journal, when finally the nurse appeared and cordially invited them into an adjoining chamber.

"I've got a toothache," quoth the





first sufferer.

"No. 1, 2, and 3," said the nurse handing him several envelopes marked with large red numbers. "Next."

"I got at-a-leets feet," drooled a rather large individual.

"That'll be No. 1, 2, and 3," she said handing him the self-same envelopes. "Next."

"I've got an ulcer," said a rather insipid looking cretin.

We ran out screaming.

## Mortarboard ???

We received a report from one of our fifth column agents several days ago that Isogon, the senior women's honor society, is planning to join Mortarboard.

"That's nice," we replied, "so what's Mortarboard?"

Further research by *Ya-Hoo's* Moron Board (no connection) informed us that Mortarboard is a national organization of senior women's honor societies with chapters at many large universities throughout the country.

Realizing the importance of this step, *Ya-Hoo* surveyed the campus as a public service to see what the general reaction was. We asked only one question: "What do you think of Iso-gon's joining Mortarboard?"

The majority of replies went like this: "Great idea. I'm all for it. So what's Mortarboard?"

One senior co-ed when approached by a member of the Moron Board replied icily, "I couldn't care less."

The Board found more favorable



*"I see Smedley doesn't agree with my interpretation."*

response among engineering students, and would have registered a complete sweep in favor of Mortarboard. However a recheck proved that the Board had been slurring the word and the engineers thought they were saying "Motorboat." Several snide remarks crept into the record, such as: "An eleven-horsepower engine will never work." But they were stricken out for the final tabulation.

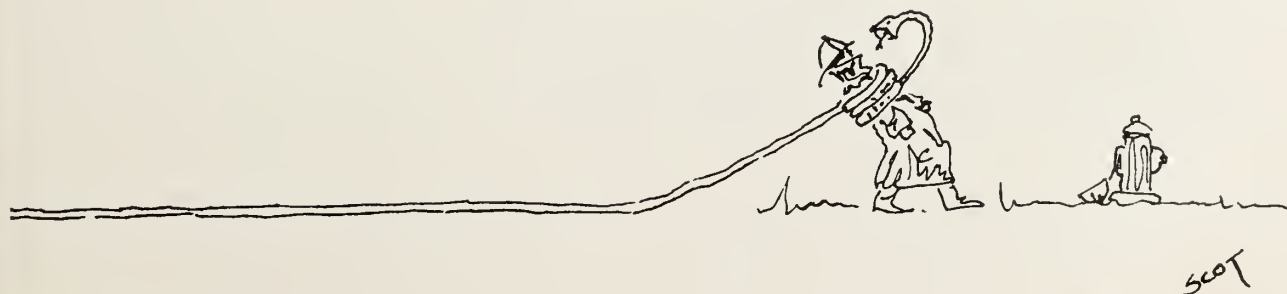
The Board wondered also what Adelpia would do under the circumstances. Would they, for instance, clamor for national recognition too?

Or would they file application with a national senior men's honor society, such as Sailboat?

However the only Adelpia member questioned before press time stared at us blankly and said: "So what's Mortarboard?"

## Adeletti's Ads

*Ya-Hoo* is not in the practice of bragging or tooting our own horn, but we feel that the cartoon work in  
(continued on page 24)



# Have A Good Looking Corpse

by PAT McMAHON

Hi there, kiddies. Welcome from Auntie Pat (Gaylord) McMahon, your local distiller of advice on how to look younger, live longer and have a good looking corpse. The helpful hints to health presented for your cogitation are drawn from my recent best seller entitled, *Gaylord's Guide to Odd Facts Not Worth Remembering*.

To follow the "look younger and live longer plan for college students" you must learn how to 1) eat and 2) relax. What? You say you know how to relax without going any further? Ah but that's where you're wrong kiddies.

A recent survey conducted by the psychology department in a near-by condemned building proved that only

6.73 white mice out of 4,583,997.01 interviewed under the Gaylord system really understood the art of relaxation.

Startling facts, these, but all the same valid. If you object to these results on the grounds that your grandmother didn't turn into a white mouse until she was twelve years old, eliminating you as a thoroughbred, don't. It is strictly pre-Freudian thinking and will stamp you as hopelessly mid-Victorian.

Enough of that, kiddies. Now on with the lesson. You're tense, worried about finals, wondering when your next check will arrive. Don't clutch. Relax. Remember, when you're babbling in one of the state's beautiful, modern "snake-pits" five years from

now the problems of your college days will all be forgotten in a "halo" effect of insane chuckles.

But if you can't stand on your left ear for five years (and how many of us can?) you can relax the Gaylord way with your handy Topsy-Turvy Body Slant board, on sale at the C-Store for the sensational price of only \$642.98.

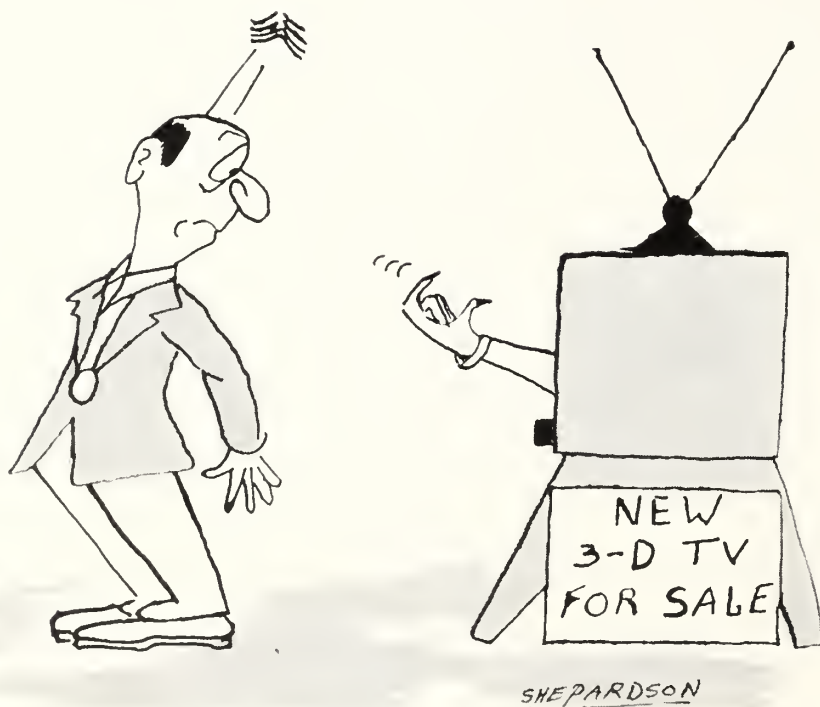
Purchase one for the kitchen, one for the bathroom, and one for your friend or relative over-seas. If you act now you can save up to \$.47 on each order.

For best results with your new Topsy-Turvy Body Slant board, place yourself on the board with your head 30 degrees south of your toesies. You will immediately feel a downward pull of the muscles, which causes a flow of blood to surge into your navel and other vital centers of the body, such as the head. You'll feel clear, alert, ready to cope with the *Times* cross-word puzzle.

One note of caution: don't take your Topsy-Turvy treatment immediately before an hour exam. The sudden panic has been known to cause sleeping sickness among beginners. A research program has been authorized by the Ford Foundation to spend \$41,003,962.07 on experimentation regarding cross-breeding of the Topsy-Turvy Body Slant board and the African tse-tse fly. The results will be published in a three-page pamphlet some time in the fall of 1962.

Your Topsy-Turvy Body Slant board can be easily carried to classes as it is made of porous lightweight wood that breathes with you as you walk. The serious student will notice a slight rocking, but very relaxing motion. A non-porous board is advised for students with seasickness or other types of motion sickness.

Once in class, lie in a slanting position with your feet on a chair and your head pointing toward the profes-







*"I don't care if you do have to get back to the North Pole! Let me see your license."*

sor. In this position it is impossible to see the professor, but an ingenious little portable Gaylord mirror can be attached to your notebook in case he is an outstanding contortionist or has delusions of being a great dramatic actor. Now relax . . .

Use your Topsy-Turvy Body Slant board 27 hours every day, whether in your room, in class, in the library, or on a date. Sublime relaxation is guaranteed. If you are not satisfied with the results, take gas. It's faster acting.

And don't forget the Gaylord formula for good marks: one hour of supervised rest on your Topsy-Turvy Body Slant board plus five hours of concentrated study plus two packs of cigarettes plus an I.Q. of 172 equals a 1.5 average under the quality point marking system.

Feel relaxed? Good. It's time to eat now, kiddies. Eating is an essential part of the Gaylord diet. Remember, a meal a day keeps farm prices at 90

per cent of parity.

The mainstay of our diet is yogurt. There is fat-free yogurt for fatties, fat-fortified yogurt for skinnies, and regular yogurt for regular all-around ballplayers. Yogurt is a "must" at each meal. Yogurt is also great for between-meal snacks.

To prepare your own home-mixture of yogurt, add one part skim milk to three parts Grade-A milk to six parts Vodka. Shake the mixture thoroughly in a Mason jar. Strike a match and hold it under the mixture for seven minutes. (Don't try this unless you also take opium.) Do not let the mixture boil, ferment, or explode.

Stir the mixture in a counter-clockwise fashion for thirteen minutes until it is quivering in the Mason jar. Not solid, not soupy, but quivering. Quickly add 50 milliliters of Gaylord Brand Yogurt to the mixture and pour the contents into an old Chianti bottle to give it that Continental touch.

Store in a damp place and yogurt will retain its fine flavor and texture for years.

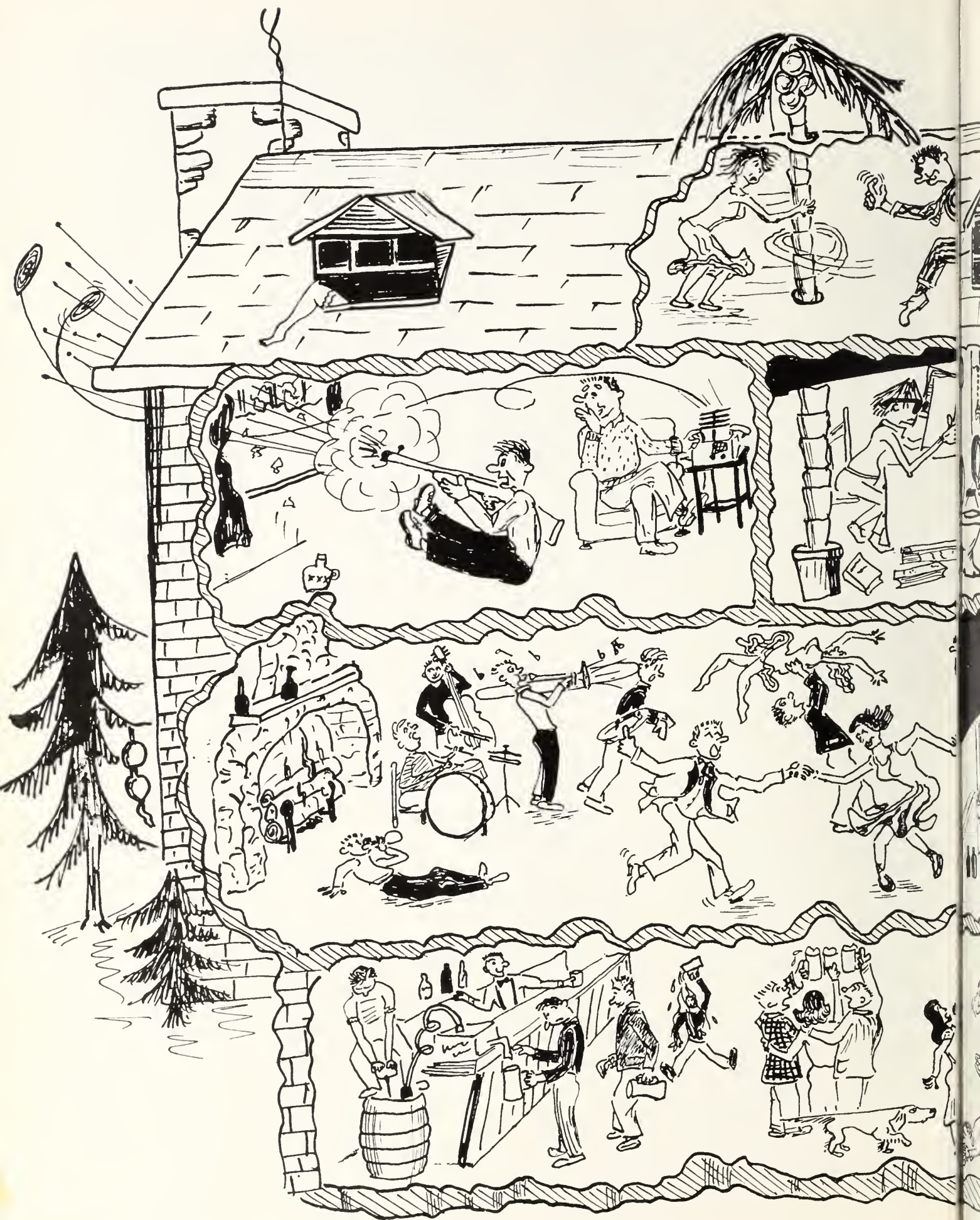
Using yogurt as a base it is also possible to make yogurt paprika, yogurt waffles, yogurt orange blossoms, yogurt on the half-shell, and a variety of other taste tempters.

Mmmm . . . good, eh? Don't be chained by the hot steak and caviar habit. Revolt against the Commons and insist upon yogurt. You'll starve, but you'll starve in health.

Well kiddies, do you feel younger? You look younger. Which is fine, you fool, except that now none of the local pubs will serve you a drink without an Identification Card.

But have no fear loyal readers. This can all be rectified by purchasing *Gaylord's Dissipated Guide to Fooling the A.B.C.* on sale at all bookstores, package stores, and naval stores.











# Portrait of Captain Fligh as A Young Delinquent

by NORMAN ROTHSTEIN

"I will tell you a story," said Uncle Hiram, blithely ignoring the screams of the children. "Not sit down and . . . STOP PLAYING DEAD! YOU CAN'T GET OUT OF IT THAT WAY."

Many, many moons ago (years weren't invented in those days) a tiny tot was born in the waterfront section of a quaint hamlet on the eastern seaboard called Brooklyn. NO HIS NAME WASN'T MARLON BRANDO. KEEP YOUR LITTLE TRAPS SHUT AND LET ME TELL THE STORY.

Some authorities doubt this fact. No, not that he was born on the waterfront; but they sorta feel that his ole man was a test tube. I don't know myself, but you can take your choice.

Conditions were very tough on the waterfront in those days, as Marlon

hadn't met Eva Marie Saint yet, and the tiny tot's mudder and fadder couldn't afford to give him two names. So they just called him Fligh.

When the precocious urchin learned to speak at the age of thirteen, the first words out of his mouth were: "Just call me Fligh."

Why did they call him Fligh? HOWINAHELL DO I KNOW? WHO KNOWS WHAT GOES THROUGH THE HEAD OF A TEST TUBE?

Well, anyway, there was a little Fligh running around the docks like any other self-respecting juvenile delinquent. He was a fat little slob, not overly bright . . . well that's not true . . . he was sorta . . . ah . . . he was a moron. You know, moron. As in fraternity brother.

One night when Fligh was 16 years

old, he was on the losing side in a gang war and went crawling home looking like Fearless Fosdick after an encounter with Anyface. This was the most crucial night in his life, as then and there Fligh decided he was never going to be on the losing side again.

Stepping gingerly over the stiffies at McGinnity's Emporium, Fligh threw an empty bottle of Bud at an old hag at the bar and wailed, "Hey Maaa. Maaaaaaaaaaaa! Ma-a-a-a-assachusetts! Loyal sons of old . . . hey Ma!"

"Shut up ya little brat!" his mother answered fondly, "do you think I want the rest of the barflies to know you belong to me?"

And to be sure, Fligh created a hilarious sight, looking more like a piece of Swiss cheese than a normal all-American cheddar.

"Hey Ma! I've decided I'm going



*"Hate to interrupt you Charlie, old buddy, but I have to take my date home."*

to be a flier . . . in the ROTC." HUH? I TOLD YOU HE WAS SOFT DIDN'T I?

"That's nice, go play," his mother humored him, downing her twentieth boilermaker of the night.

"I wanna be a flier 'cause they're the ones who defend our country and they're big and brave and besides they get to drop bombs on people and blow them up into little pieces and I'm going to drop A-Bombs and H-bombs so I can kill more people faster than anyone else, I betcha.

"And besides that they can always get on a bus for free 'cause nobody can figure out what they are and everybody thinks they're bus drivers and then if I join the ROTC maybe I'll get to be Honorary Cadet Colonel and wear a low cut gown (Fligh was an unusual boy).

"Not to mention the fact that if I don't become a flier this story won't make any sense and besides I'm out of my mind."

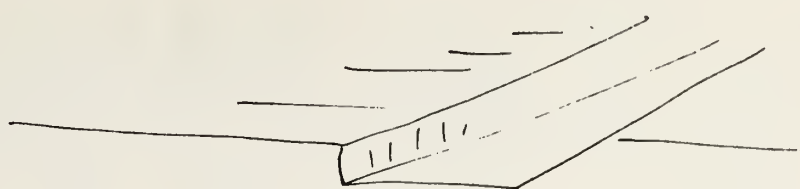
"Alright already," gurgled the old hag "so be a bus driver."

Little Fligh, basking in the glow of his mother's blessing, set her up for another round and went skipping off merrily to plan his life as a flier. For the next seven years, Fligh thought, he would work diligently and honestly to pay his own way through college.

And he did. He cashed in empty beer bottles stolen from the back of trucks, rolled drunks, fixed street fights, snatched purses from little old ladies, sold football pool tickets, and beat up union sympathizers. DAM-MIT! NO, THERE WEREN'T ANY PIGEONS ON THE ROOF OF HIS TENEMENT HOUSE.

Finally the great day came, and Fligh matriculated to the University, much to the lament of his aged mother who doubted that she could find another sucker to stand her to triple shots of Old Overshoe. Besides which, the income of a test tube is hardly enough to support a confirmed alky, even a test tube on relief.

His first day at the University, Fligh walked into the wrong room,



Scot

or so he thought, for it looked like they were casting for the mob scene in *Hamlet*. This was Fligh's introduction to the peculiar collegiate tradition known as "registration."

Walking up to a very official looking gentleman in uniform, Fligh handed him his course card and said, "Sir, will you sign this card so I can begin my career as a pilot posthaste?"

The man at the desk looked at him quizzically and replied, "Sorry fella, but I'm selling bus tickets to Springfield. Try the next desk."

Fligh went through the same routine at the next desk, where an Air Force Colonel was signing lives away, and was greeted much more favorably.

"Why did you come to the Univer-

sity, Fligh?" the Colonel asked him.

"I wanna fly," answered Fligh.

(To be continued . . . but don't count on it.)

Question: How many magazines does it take to fill a baby carriage?

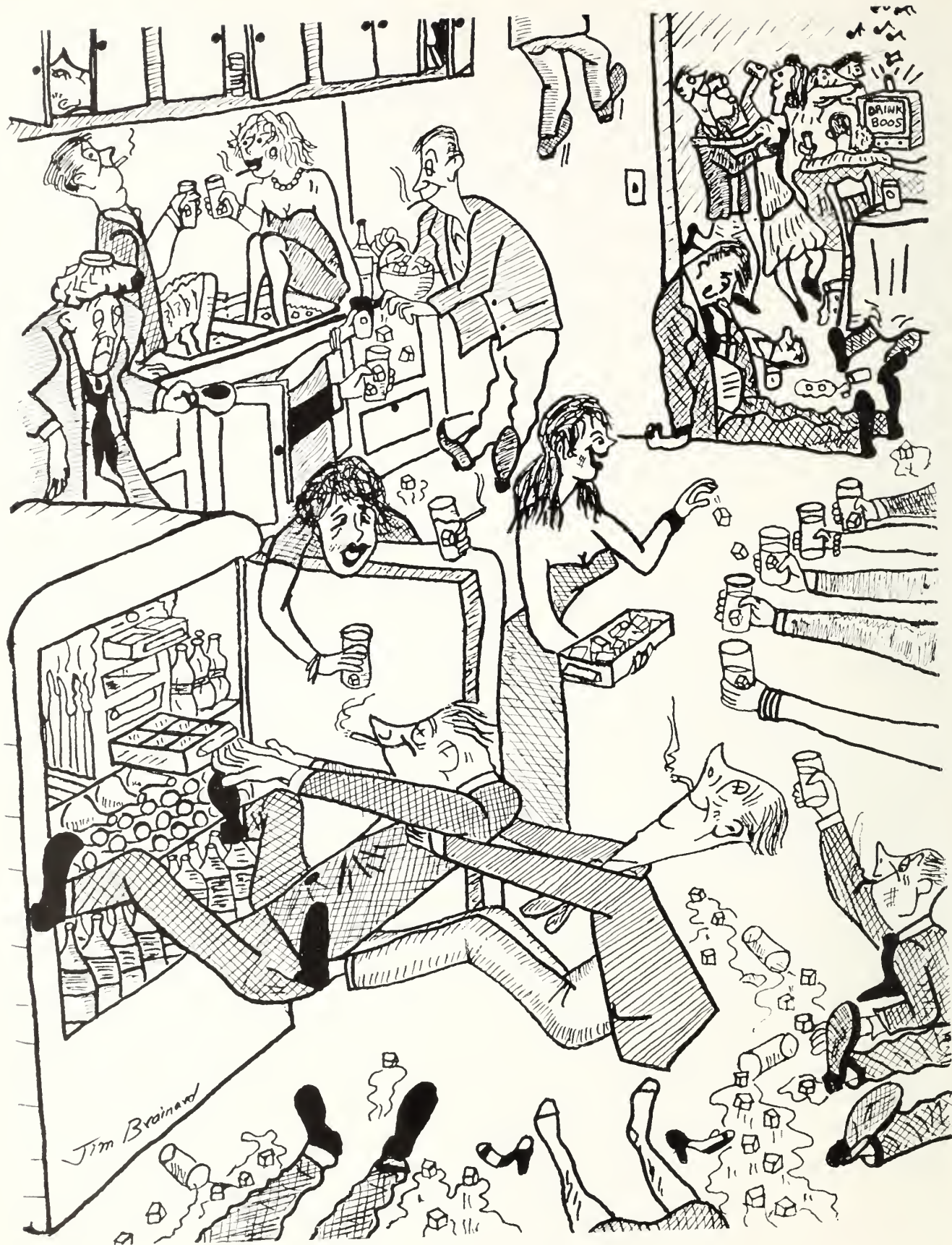
Answer: A Country Gentleman, a Mademoiselle, a Look, a few Liberty's and Time.

"Do you know what good clean fun is?"

"No, what good is it?"

"When a man doesn't have any etchings and a girl goes up to his apartment, she can usually see the handwriting on the wall."





*This couldn't happen here . . .*

# DRAGGED NET

by JOE MORRISSEY



To be read in a hushed voice in a dimly lit room.  
The story you are about to read is true; only Greek letters have been changed to protect the Syndicate.  
This is the campus. My name is Shultz. I'm a freshman.

*Friday, January 14, 1:02 a.m.*

I was working out of the dormitory on the night watch when a call came in from a dirty rusher. A fraternity had been snowing freshmen.  
Rushaside.  
My job: fine 'em.

## DUM DE DUM DUM

*1:13 a.m.*

A call came in from the I.F.C. I went straight to headquarters.  
"You called me, Larry?"  
"Yeah, Shultz, any leads?"  
I led with the ace of hearts. The chief trumped me with a diamond.  
"They contacted me," I said, "we got 'em on a ninety-six."  
The Chief patted me on my beanie . . . said I was a good freshman.

*Sigma Epsilon Xi house, Saturday 3:07 p.m.*

I was greeted by the President of the fraternity. Groping for words to follow his blinding smile, he said:

"Why are you limping?"  
He was really groping. I wasn't limping.  
"Have you been to the Infirmary?"  
"Yes. They gave me no. 1, no. 2, and no. 3."  
I was introduced to the housemother. I offered her five. It was all I had.  
"We've got a pretty good house here," the President said, "it overlooks the campus."  
He was almost right. The campus overlooks it.  
"Have you met all the brothers?"  
"What's to meet? You meet one, you meet 'em all."

*Tap room, 4:26 p.m.*

Drinking a martini. Dry. I spotted T. Walsh distributing pamphlets.  
"Pardon me sir, didn't I pick you up on a two-fifty last week?"  
"What's a two-fifty?"  
"Overcharging."  
A voice out of the darkness said, "Cigarettes? Whiskey? Cadillac car? Meenk coat?"  
"No thanks, ma'm. All I want is the facts."

## DUM DE DUM DUM

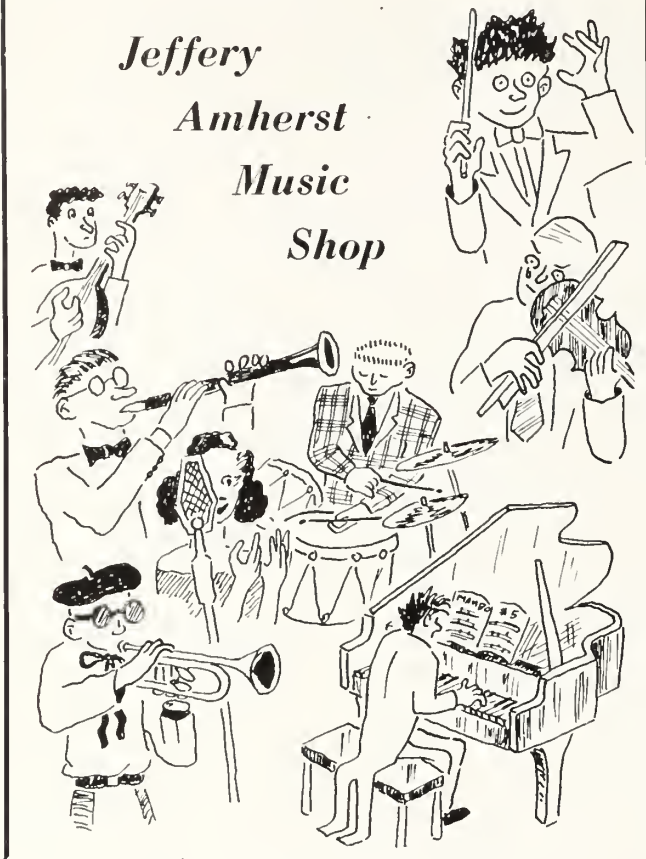
*Same house, same room, 11:39 p.m.*

Squatting on top of the beer keg was Bunny, one of the Smith girls I'd heard so much about.  
Pausing between healthy swigs at a pitcher, she suggested something to me. I slapped her across the face as she was pulling out her Hallmark date book.  
I took out mine. She was impressed. I slapped her again. All I wanted was the facts.  
The President, apparently fascinated by my Continental approach, said, "Well Shultz, how do you like the boys?"  
"That's what I want to talk to you about. I'm taking you in on a one-thirty-eight."  
"What's a one-thirty-eight?"  
"Impersonating rabbits out of season."  
"How can you pin that rap on us?"  
"I just had a good look at Bunny."  
"Quite a queen, isn't she?"  
"Yeah, she's a queen. A real live queen. You know the kind I mean. Let's go."

## DUM DE DUM DUM



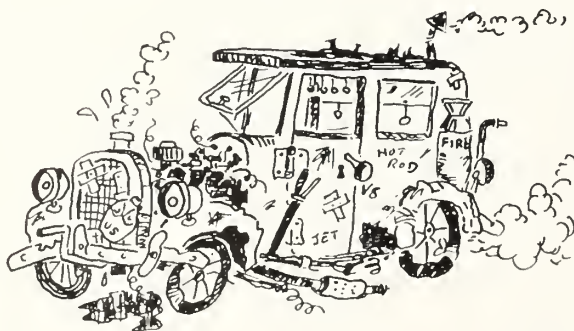
*Jeffery  
Amherst  
Music  
Shop*



**COLLEGE DRUGS**



*TIME TO SEE US*



**Gibson Chevrolet Co.**

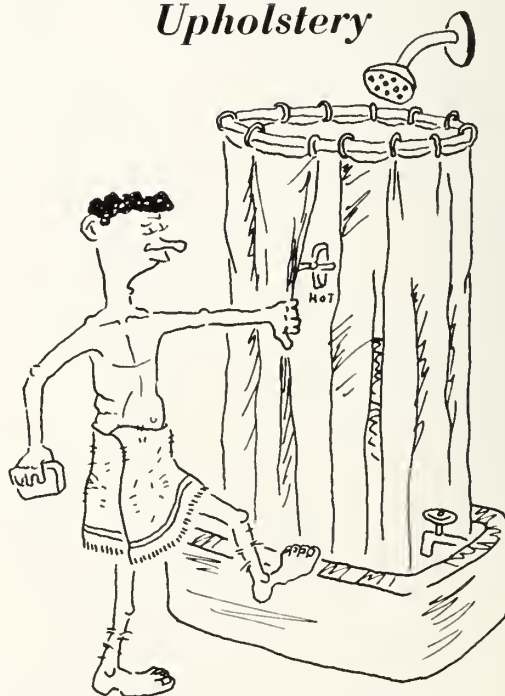
40 DICKINSON STREET  
AMHERST, MASS.

**BROWNS**

TOWELS

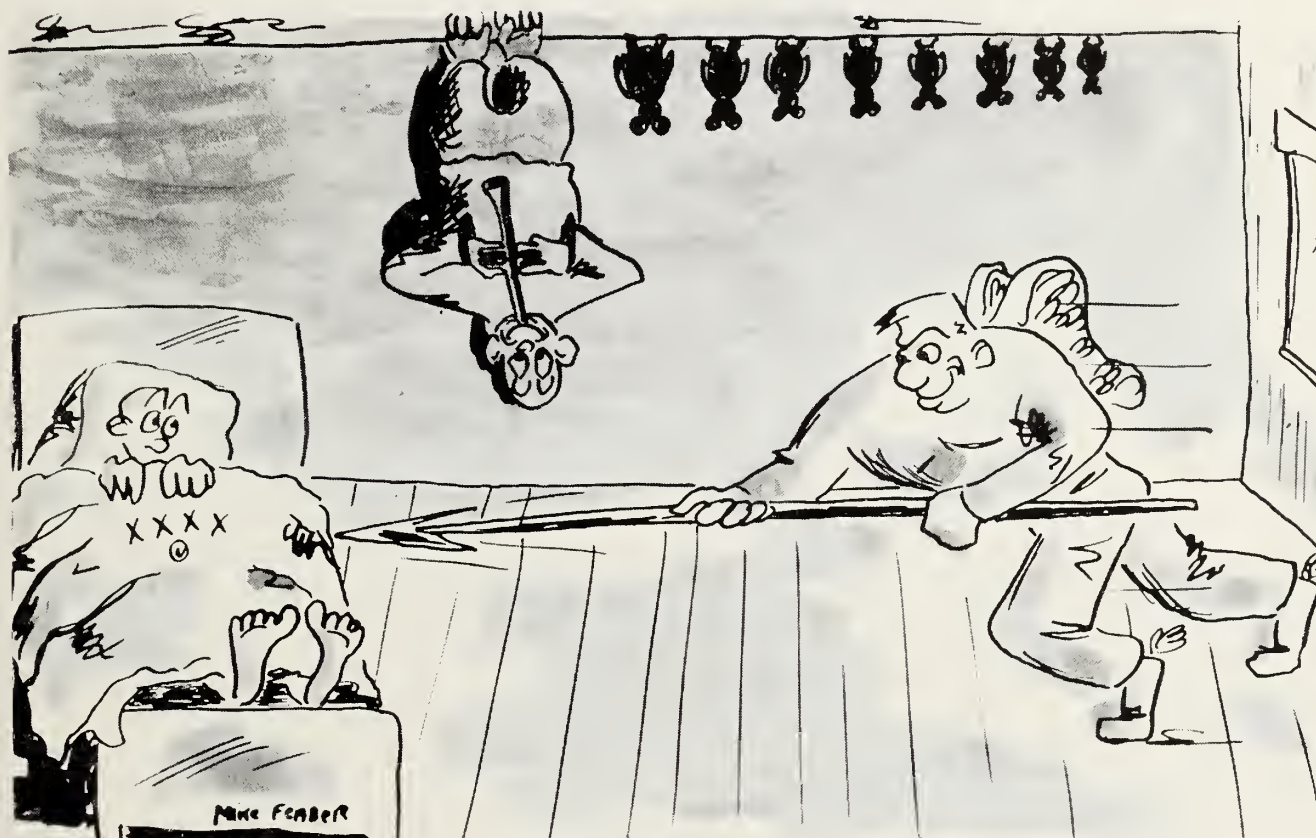
• CURTAINS

*Upholstery*



# Winter Carnival Fairy Tale

by BARRY BUNSHOFT



## I.

Once upon a time in the land of Collegiana there lived a normal, neurotic, socially maladjusted little boy named Dante. Dante was just like the other kids in the neighborhood: he lied, stole, cheated, hated his psychiatrist, and burned his initials on the legs of all the little girls he dated. His fraternity brothers beamed proudly when they heard of his artistic inclinations, and mapped out a rich career for him in the field of genocide.

Dante's home was in a fraternity house on campus, which he shared with fifty men who respected and honored him, a home which Toynbee says would be called a lunatic asylum in any other society but Collegiana.

It was the night before Winter Carnival at the Yu Felta Thi house, and Dante had just tucked himself into bed after spending a pleasant evening making snow sculptures in a raging blizzard. (Toynbee would probably question this activity also, but it is a well-established pattern of conduct in Collegiana.)

"Good night, Brutus," said Dante, smiling. He was

smiling because his room mate was hanging by his toes from the rafters as punishment for not doing his house job. He was also smiling because he was majoring in genocide.

"Good night, Dante," Brutus answered him casually. Brutus had the reputation of being casual at all times, and under the circumstances was being even more casual than usual.

"The house has a terrific snow sculpture this year," Dante said yawning, "too bad you won't be able to see it before it melts."

"Oh?" slurred Brutus, even more casual than before, "what is it?"

"It's a classical subject," Dante replied intellectually, "Some nutty Greek named Prometheus is chained to a mountain, and an eagle is ripping his guts apart."

"What are you naming it?"

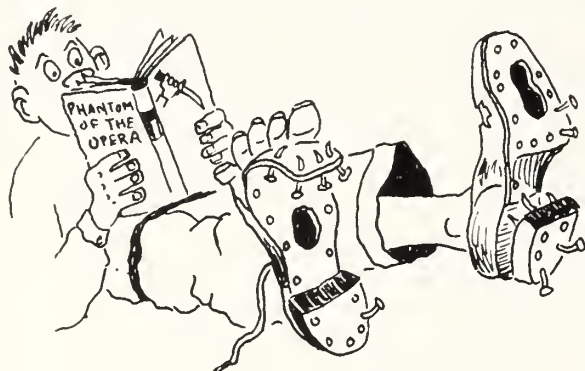
"It's called EAT YOUR HEART OUT," Dante beamed.

"Great idea," Brutus mused thoughtfully, "say,



*Time To Visit*

## BOLLES SHOE STORE



wouldn't it be good for laughs if the snow sculptures came alive tomorrow?"

Dante considered this analytically, and suddenly chortled, "With all those cars passing by, there would undoubtedly be thousands killed, with a liberal sprinkling of maimings." His mouth watered in expectation, like the dog in Pavlov's conditioning test.

"Well, pleasant dreams, Dante."

"You too, Brutus."

Dante put his head on his cruddy pillow, snuggled up under the warm covers marked SANGWIN CHICKEN FEED--WE FATTEN IT, YOU SLAUGHTER IT, EVERYBODY LOVES IT, and closed his weary eyes.

Imagine, snow sculptures coming alive . . . thousands dying . . . eat your heart out . . . you can kill people much faster in a gas chamber, but it's not as much fun as the Chinese water torture . . . snow sculptures coming alive . . . zzz . . . zzz . . . zzz . . . zzz.

II.

Dante had been slumbering peacefully for a few hours, when out of nowhere (so to speak) a figure appeared beside his bed and shook him violently. "Hey Dante, wake up!"

Dante, being an unusually exitable cretin, rolled over and mumbled coherently, "Whozzat?"

"Who, me?" asked the strange apparition.

"Yeah you," replied Dante, groping for his autograph book, "are you by any chance my idol Adolph Hitler?"

"No."

"Are you the spirit of Christmas past?"

"Hardly."

"Ivan the Terrible?"

"Not lately, guess again."

Dante bit his harelip and concentrated. "Gina Lollobrigida?"

"Sorry."

"Well whoinahellayu?"

"It's me, Max the Fairy," the apparition revealed, disgusted with Dante's ignorance.

"You're kidding," said Dante, trembling visibly.

"Say sweets, it's no joke," replied Max the Fairy, poking him with an icicle, "put on your 'Property Of' sweat suit and let's be on our merry way." (Max, being a Fairy, knew Dante was an athlete.)

Dante paled and dove under the covers. "Look, Max," he said, "I read Kinsey, I read Reisman. I know all about your kind. I ain't budging with a ten-foot pole."

Just as he finished this majestic speech, Dante peeked out from under the covers and saw Max the Fairy charging at him with a ten-foot pole. "Hey Max!" he shouted, "Fairies are supposed to carry magic wands, and that doesn't look like any . . ."

Poor Dante. He never finished his sentence, which in itself is no loss to great American literature. For the next thing he knew he was plummeting through the air falling,



falling hundreds of feet a second. It was rather chilly, even in a sweat suit.

But Dante, being somewhat of a masochist, saw a great deal of humor in his plight. He had the greatest urge to shout out: Look ma, I'm a snowflake.

So he did. "Look ma, I'm a snowflake!"

Dante laughed gleefully at his new game, and repeated that asinine statement over and over, each time roaring hysterically. Then a look of horror came over his face, for it dawned on him that it was only too true. He, Dante, was a snowflake.

He peered around him wildly, but all he could see for miles was millions and millions of snowflakes falling to the earth just like he was. Only . . . only they weren't snowflakes, they couldn't have been snowflakes, because they all looked more or less just like him. They were people; or to be more exact (shudder) they were people-flakes.

"Peopleflakes!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"Excuse me, but did you say peopleflakes?" asked the snowflake, I mean peopleflake next to him. This was a vert pedantic looking gentleman reading the unexpurgated edition of *Sons and Lovers* under a newspaper.

"What's this all about?" Dante screamed at him.

"Look, Max," the Professor replied indignantly, "I was sitting in the bathroom minding my own business, and the next thing I knew I was breaking the sound barrier. I almost lost my place."

"My name isn't Max, Dante shot back at him, "it's Dante. Max is a Fairy."

The Professor looked at him strangely, and then replied weakly, "Oh, I've read some of your stuff."

At this point Dante looked down (Fool-hardy lad. Never, never look down.) and saw the ground coming up rapidly. "We'll all be killed!" he babbled, putting his hands over the eye in the middle of his forehead.

### III.

Dante dropped gently on the peopleflakes beneath him, bounced fluffily in the air, and settled peacefully on the ground as other peopleflakes landed around him. Hearing desultory sounds of laughter, Dante the Boy Detective turned to see whenceforth they issued.

It was Max the Fairy playing a game on his Ouija Board. "Okay, Max," Dante said indignantly, "explain this snowflake routine."

"You thought it was hilarious when you burned your initials in old English letters on little girls' legs'" Max replied, shaking his ten-foot pole dangerously near Dante, "you almost hemorrhaged stringing poor Brutus up by his toes. Well my Ouija Board didn't appreciate your sense of humor, and ordered me to sentence you to one hour in Snow Sculpture Land." And with that, Max vanished into Never-Never Land doing the "Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies".

(Actually, Max the Fairy had sadistic tendencies him-

## CENTRAL RESTAURANT



*Spaghetti*



*Grinders*

*Pizza*

### *Our Specialties*



**CONFUSED? See  
Elder-Jones Lumber  
Materials & Advice**

## AMHERST OIL CO.

Fuel Oil ★ Appliances ★ Bottled Gas  
Heating Installations

General Electric & Delco Heating Units



Television Sales & Service — Tel. 1777  
Heating & Fuel Oil — Tel. 999 or 975

## Give Her Flowers From MONTGOMERY'S



TEL. ENTERPRISE 6051

self, and thought Dante was the funniest animal he had ever met. But an assignment is an assignment, and nobody. but nobody talks back to his Ouija Beard.)

This Max character ought to have a few bolts tightened, Dante mused silently. One hour in Snow Sculpture Land! This is madness, or to be dramatic, pathos. I wonder how I'm fixed in the way of geography?

To tell the truth, dear reader, (which is a clear violation of *Ya-Hoo* editorial policy) Dante was fixed very well, as he soon discovered to his amazement. For he had landed, of all places, on the lawn of the Yu Felta Thi house. And all around him, lying on the ground like motionless clods, were his fraternity brothers. This did not shock Dante at first, for his fraternity brothers always looked like motionless clods.

Shaking the man next to him, who was known at the house simply as Johaan Sebastian Tool, Dante said, "Hey Tool! What's everybody lying on the lawn for?" But Johaan answerethed not.

"Will somebody tell me what's going on?" Dante shouted. But his cries were futile, for his fraternity brothers, too, were peopleflakes. At that, they made better peopleflakes than fraternity brothers.

Feeling a strong gust of wind, Dante looked up just in time to see an eagle whisk by him. That's strange, he thought, the only eagle around here is the one eating Prometheus's heart out. And sure enough, there in front of him was the snow sculpture doing a St. Vitus dance. Are you Prometheus the Snow Sculpture?" Dante asked him faintly.

"Well I'm not Omar the Tent-maker," Prometheus answered him courteously, "get me out of this rig, Max, I've been bound long enough. It's time I was after that knockout Indian girl snow sculpture on the cover."

Dante unchained Prometheus, protesting, "My name isn't Max . . ."

Prometheus leaped off his pedestal, picked Dante up with one hand, and grunted, "Crawl back into your hole, snowflake." And with that he clobbered him. Dante felt himself tumbling into space, falling, falling.

III. 1416

"Wake up, Dante. It's me, Beatrice!"

"Go back to sleep. You're not on for another XXIV cantos," Dante babbled drowsily. Then suddenly his eyes popped open, as Brutus was peppering his hide with poison darts from his blow gun.

"Hey Max," Dante cried out to his loving roommate, "you'll never guess the crazy dream I had last night. I've decided to reform. I'm going to change my major to euthanasia."

"My name isn't Max, his room mate replied very casually swinging from the rafters, "it's Brutus. Max is a Fairy."



## A. J. HASTINGS

NEWS

### Complete Writing Needs



## Like Sea Foods?

THEN BRING YOUR DATE  
TO

## JACK AUGUST'S

In Hamp



FROM CLAMS TO LOBSTER

Harpy . . .

(continued from page 1)

Laughton does a much better job.

CURTSEY Muckraker!

INGVAAR Sire, as I was saying, I am a humble student . . .

HARPY How did you get here anyway, win a raffle?

INGVAAR (With great pride) No, Sire, I am here on a Janitorial scholarship. I am majoring in Furnace Appreciation.

CURTSEY That's clever. Well, what do you want? We're all out of the stuff. Lucky hasn't sent us the monthly supply yet.

INGVAAR (Aside) Yon HARPY has a lean and hungry look.

CURTSEY We've got a special on, though; you can get a book of excuse cards for a deuce. And for another three bucks we'll even sign them.

HARPY All right, let's stop all this idle chit-chat. You are hereby placed on disciplinary probation. No, why hedge, pack your bags lad and be-gone!

INGVAAR What the hell. This is only a play and I am the hero; so I shall be gone. (He exits Up Left.)

CURTSEY Quaint.

HARPY Quite.

CURTSEY Queer?

HARPY No.

CURTSEY Pity.

HARPY I'm bored stiff. What time is it?

CURTSEY About 9 a.m.

HARPY I've got a full day of appointments ahead. How about you?

CURTSEY Same here.

HARPY What say we cut 'em all and go down to Barsy's for a few brews?

CURTSEY But Harpy, don't you remember? We banned Barsy's two weeks ago.

HARPY What does that prove? We ban everything, don't we?

CURTSEY You're right at that. Shall we away?

HARPY And away we go.

(HARPY and CURTSEY exit through the door at UP Left and go skipping merrily off to Barsy's. Curtain closes.)

## Don't Stop Just ANYPLACE

STOP AT THE  
Sprucehill Motel

Rt. 9 Hadley



## Keep Clothes Clean

AT THE

## Amherst Laundromat



Off Main Street  
Tel. 178



STOCK UP WITH THE  
BEST from the  
**EPICURE SHOP**



S. S. PIERCE PRODUCTS

**Don't Experiment!**  
**You'll Find**  
**What You Want**



at the  
**C & C**  
Package Store

*In the Shuffle*

A hypochondriac on vacation sent a card to his psychiatrist: "Am having a swell time. Why?"

In Paris, it's frankness;  
In Panama, it's life;  
In a professor, it's clever;  
But in a college magazine it's smutty.

If all the professors in the world joined hands they would reach halfway across the ocean. We are in favor of this arrangement.

'Servant: There's a girl outside without food or clothing.  
Master: Feed her and bring her in.'

'Some girls think low-cut gowns are indecent. Others are well built.'

'Dean: "Know you? Why, I knew you when your mother was kicked out of college."' "

'The guys who think our jokes are rough

Would quickly change their views,  
If they'd compare the ones we print  
With those we're scared to use.'

'Mother: (putting Junior to bed)  
"Shhh . . . the sandman is coming."  
Junior: "For fifty cents I won't tell daddy."' "

**Adeletti's Ads . . .**

(continued from page 9)

Art Editor Don Adeletti's advertisements are nothing short of sensational.

Adeletti, a senior majoring in accounting, has never published his art material in a campus publication before. When he submitted a few examples of his work to us earlier in the year we realized we had an evil genius within our midst and immediately shackled him to a drawing board.

The ideas and the sketches are all completely original, and have aroused the interest and delight of the local merchants to a degree we have never seen before.

If you like nothing else about *Ya-Hoo*, we guarantee you'll like our ads.



**JOURNAL  
RECORD**

**All Types of  
Fine Printing  
Service**

**COOK PLACE  
TEL. 28**





## Russell's Package Store



Complete Party Headquarters



# THE UNIVERSITY STORE

— ON CAMPUS —

*Where Everyone Meets*













